gift CUP 21.g.40/68

A PASTORAL ELEGY

On the DEATH of

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

YE Bow'rs of HAGLEY, *(where the Graces rove,*
Lave 'mid your Springs, or round your Valleys play)
Shed all your Sweets, deſpoil each fragrant Grove,
In balmy Ruins ſhroud your Shepherd's Clay.
Mourn widow'd Graces, every Pleaſure fled,
Even Virtue mourns, for LYCIDAS *is dead!*

That LYCIDAS, *who whilom us'd to lead*
Your ſportive Train, to wind the mazy Stream;
Who lur'd your Steps, o'er HAGLEY'S *Lawns to tread,*
And pierc'd each Grove, with your enliv'ning Gleam.
Mourn, hapleſs Shades; decline each Flow'r its Head;
The Pride of Virtue, LYCIDAS *is dead!*

That LYCIDAS, *by ev'ry Muſe ador'd;*
Whoſe Silver Harp, ſo often tun'd their Praiſe,
Whoſe fixt Attention, Lib'ral Arts explor'd,
Who did to Wiſdom laſting Trophies raiſe.
Mourn Muſes, mourn, the gentleſt Spirit fled;
Mild Wiſdom mourn, for LYCIDAS *is dead!*

That LYCIDAS, *whoſe noble Boſom glow'd*
With Patriot Fondneſs, for his Country's Weal;
He from whoſe Lips, perſuaſive Reaſon flow'd,
Whoſe poliſh'd Truths could 'rapt Attention ſteal.
Mourn Britain, mourn, the firmeſt Patriot fled;
Bright Honour mourn, for LYCIDAS *is dead!*

That LYCIDAS, *whoſe gentle Nature felt*
The Pains and Sorrows that were not his own;
Who ne'er deny'd, when trembling Anguiſh knelt,
But paid with ready Joy, the ſacred Loan.
Mourn Mercy, mourn, the kindeſt Spirit fled,
Soft Pity mourn, for LYCIDAS *is dead!*

That LYCIDAS, *by every Science hail'd,*
Whoſe ſteadfaſt Virtue, Faction ne'er cou'd blame;
In whoſe warm Heart, Religion's Truths prevail'd;
The brighteſt Trophy in the faireſt Fame.
Huſh then thy Plaints, thy penſive Strains give o'er;
For LYCIDAS *now ſhines—to ſet no more!*

A. P. Bloomſbury-Sq. 29 Aug. 1773.